

"SAM I AM"

(a web series)

by

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WEBISODE 1: "MOM'S NEW BOYFRIEND"

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A thirty-something brunette lounges in her SpongeBob PJ's, steaming mug beside her, writing in her journal -- meet SAM, our heroine.

SAM (V.O.)

Dear Diary, today I applied online for six new positions, and I heard back from approximately ZERO.

The DOORBELL rings.

From upstairs, her mother's voice.

SAM'S MOM (O.S.)

Sam, honey, could you please get that? I'm still getting ready.

She goes to the door and opens it.

Standing before her is someone who could impersonate DENNIS HOPPER on a good day. Thinning gray hair tied back in a ponytail, salt and pepper goatee, he sports a worn black leather biker jacket.

MOCK HOPPER

Hey, you must be Sam. Rhonda's told me a lot about you. You're prettier than I imagined. Nice PJ's by the way.

Sam's eyes grow wide as the Hopper clone grins back at her, extending a calloused hand.

MOCK HOPPER

Name's Harvey, but you can call me Harv. I'm here to pick up your mom.

Sam shakes his hand mutely, as if in a fog.

SAM (V.O.)
Ever since she and Dad divorced,
Mom's started seeing other men.
Fortunately, I missed most of it
as I was still living in Chicago
at the time, but-

The voiceover's interrupted.

SAM'S MOM
Harv. You're early.

Sam whirls to find her mother (RHONDA) wearing jeans and a brown leather jacket -- a middle-aged match to Harvey.

HARVEY
Hey babe! Looking good.

Sam, still in a state of shock, steps aside allowing the two to embrace, followed by an inappropriately long kiss. Finally, she breaks it off.

RHONDA
Mmmmm, Harv. Not in front of Sam.

Still speechless, Sam watches in growing horror as her mother disentangles herself from Harv, whose hands have begun to travel south.

RHONDA
Well, now that you two have met,
we'll be on our way. Don't wait up.

She gives Sam a peck on the cheek.

HARV
I'll try not to keep her out too late.

The pair laugh as they make their way down the walkway to Harvey's awaiting carriage -- his chrome Harley.

And as the two climb on and fire up the hog (revving it loud enough to disturb the neighbors), Sam stands frozen in the doorway staring at the departing Harley's cloud of exhaust.

INTRO:

MONTAGE of Sam's childhood home.

We pan across a fireplace mantle lined with pictures of Sam at various ages -- scenes of growing up. We arrive at a graduation photo: Sam and Rhonda posing in a courtyard, as she holds up her diploma.

SAM (V.O.)

Six months ago, I thought I had it all. I was living in Chicago working as a copy editor at the Tribune, the country's sixth largest newspaper, with an apartment that overlooked Battery Park. But then the economic downturn hit and I lost my job, my downtown apartment, and found out my fiancé of four years was cheating on me. So I packed up my hatchback and moved back home to DeKalb, Illinois. The heart of the Midwest. Suburbia. The center of nowhere.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

The door swings open and we find Sam on the stoop, an array of bags at her side, a sheepish smile.

Rhonda steps out and gives her a welcome-home hug.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM

The room is exactly the way she left it -- fifteen years ago.

SAM (V.O.)

And that's where my story begins.
Back at home, with no boyfriend,
no job, trying to figure out what
to do with my life.

Dated posters hang on the wall, the bed covered in pillows and stuffed animals, a manual typewriter gathering dust on the desk.

SAM (V.O.)

I read an article recently calling people like me 'Boomerangs' because we left home, but ended up coming right back.

Sam sighs, sits on the bed, opens up her journal and begins writing.

SAM (V.O.)
Dear Diary, here's to hitting the reset button on the total system failure crash that is my life.

END INTRO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The moonlight filters through as we start at the foot of the bed and slowly pan our way up the still figure laying beneath the quilt.

SAM (V.O.)
Now I love my mother and want her to be happy.

Meanwhile, outside we hear the familiar roar of the Harley as it rumbles down the block.

And moving up past a pair of folded arms, we find Sam staring up at the ceiling, wide-awake.

SAM (V.O.)
And I never thought I would say this but...

The motorcycle engine cuts, as we continue to remain on Sam, clearly unnerved by the sounds of her mother's laughter emanating from below.

SAM (V.O.)
I don't think I approve of my mom's new boyfriend.

END OF WEBISODE 1

WEBISODE 2: "NEW JOB"

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

A bright, cheery morning as we find Rhonda fixing breakfast, humming to herself, the sound of coffee brewing nearby.

A disheveled Sam enters the doorway.

RHONDA

Oh, you're up early. Getting a bright start on the job search today?

SAM

Couldn't sleep.

RHONDA

Well, there's coffee.

Sam stumbles over to the pot, pours herself a mug and drinks it black.

RHONDA

You don't want to go to any job interviews with those bags under your eyes -- want cream or sugar with that?

SAM

What interviews?

RHONDA

You still haven't heard back from anyone?

Mid-sip, Sam fixes her with a stare.

RHONDA

We'll you're in luck. I happen to know someplace that's hiring.

INT. BASKIN ROBBINS - DAY

Dressed in a pink and blue uniform, with matching cap, Sam places a scoop of ice cream on a cone and hands it to a child.

SAM

There you go. Try not to drop it.

She turns to face her teen-age, gum-smacking, co-worker (DEBBIE) who stares at her.

DEBBIE

Dude, you're like the oldest person I've seen work here. I mean, except for the manager.

SAM

Thanks, that's nice to know.

DEBBIE

You're probably around my mom's age, right?

Sam gives her a look.

DEBBIE

Hey, I bet you could like totally buy us alcohol.

SAM

Debbie, can I ask you a question? How would you feel if your mom started dating again?

DEBBIE

I don't know... my dad probably wouldn't like it.

SAM

Let's pretend they were divorced.

DEBBIE

Like in Gossip Girl, where Serena's mom started secretly seeing Jenny's dad and they hook up and later look for their long lost son?

SAM

No, more like if your mom started going out with an older guy, who's kinda creepy and rides a motorcycle even though he's like sixty.

Debbie stares back, a blank look.

DEBBIE

Dude, why are you asking me?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam enters, still dressed in her work uniform, and finds Rhonda at the table digging into a pint of ice cream.

RHONDA

How was work, honey?

SAM

I didn't know your elbow could hurt so much from scooping ice cream all day. Oh, and I got to clean up a spilled milkshake... after I stepped in it.

Sam slides into the chair opposite her.

SAM

Am I too old to work in an ice cream shop?

RHONDA

You're never too old, sweetheart.

Her attention back on the carton of ice cream.

SAM

Speaking of old, how well do you know Harvey?

RHONDA

What?

SAM

You guys been seeing each other long?

RHONDA

Oh, we've gone out a few times.
Harv is a lot of fun.

SAM

Yeah, I'm sure he is. Um, what's
he do for work?

RHONDA

Harvey owns his own Port-a-Potty
business, but he's mostly retired.
His son Dan runs it now.

(beat)

I know what you're thinking, but
Port-a-Potty rentals can be very
lucrative. Do you know how many
concerts and outdoor events there
are each year? How else could he
afford that Harley.

SAM

Speaking about the motorcycle,
isn't that kinda dangerous?

RHONDA

What are you getting at, Sam?

SAM

Nothing.

RHONDA

You don't like Harv, do you?

SAM

What? No, I never said that...

RHONDA

I'm your mother. You think I can't
tell when your voice goes up an
octave?

SAM

I...

(self-consciously drops
her voice an octave)

I don't know why you think I don't
like Harvey.

RHONDA
You don't like Harv because he's a
rebel.

SAM
Mom, the man rents Port-a-Potty's
for a living.

RHONDA
You're jealous because I'm dating
a bad boy.

SAM
Okay, you did not just say that.

Her mom just crosses her arms.

SAM
He's not a bad boy, he just has a
bad haircut.

Ignoring Sam, she resumes eating her ice cream.

SAM
Mom... you know how fattening that
stuff is?

She looks up at Sam.

RHONDA
You know what, Sam, you're turning
into a real...

CUT TO:

INT. ICE CREAM SHOPPE - DAY

SAM
Beyotch.

She looks to Debbie, who's busy typing away on her netbook, smacking her gum.

DEBBIE
Dude, she did not call you a
beyotch.

SAM
She totally called me a beyotch!

DEBBIE
Wow, that's like the coolest thing
I heard all day.

SAM
No, it is not cool! In fact, it's
the opposite of cool. People go to
therapy for this!

Debbie clicks on the mouse.

DEBBIE
Wait a sec. Here we go...

Reading from the screen.

DEBBIE
Sam is acting like a real beyotch.
B-e-y-o-t-c-h. Beyotch.
(turning to her)
Huh. Is that how it's spelled?

SAM
What is that?

DEBBIE
Your mom's Facebook page.

SAM
Wait, what? She's blogging about
me on Facebook? How does she even
know what Facebook is??

DEBBIE
It's no big deal, she probably
doesn't have that many friends.

She clicks a link.

DEBBIE
Uh, nevermind dude, she's got over
twelve thousand Facebook friends.

SAM
(shaking her head)
This is a nightmare.

DEBBIE
Wow, your mom's really popular.
She sounds pretty cool, actually.
Think I wanna join her network.

Turning to Sam.

DEBBIE
Hey, can you ask your mom to add
me as a friend?

THUD. Sam's head hits the counter.

END OF WEBISODE 2

WEBISODE 3: "REJECTION"

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A door SLAMS as Sam, professionally attired, exits an office with a Human Resources tab on the door.

Another door SLAMS, and another, as a series of doors close on Sam, who departs from each more dejected.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DEKALB - DAY

Sam proceeds down the thoroughfare, past what passes for trendy shops and eateries in DeKalb.

SAM (V.O.)

Following a day of rejections, I decided I needed something to take my mind off the fact that I'll now be earning minimum wage for the foreseeable future.

INT. BEAN THERE COFFEE SHOP

Sam sits at a table, staring at the rich foamy head of whip cream rising several inches above the cupline.

SAM (V.O.)

And what better than a Grande Mocha Latte, infused with enough fat, sugar and caffeine to put a water buffalo into a diabetic coma.

She continues to stare longingly at the drink, then abruptly collects her purse.

EXT. BEAN THERE COFFEE SHOP

Sam exits, handing the beverage to a nearby homeless person.

CUT TO:

INT. FITNESS GYM - SPIN CLASS

Sam huffs and puffs as she pedals furiously, drenched in sweat.

SAM (V.O.)

But I decided that wallowing in self-pity wasn't what I needed right now -- what I needed was... was...

As she continues to cycle nowhere, unable to complete the thought, a voice interrupts from behind.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sam? Sam Newcomb, is that really you?

She turns to face a heavyset thirty-something woman (ANGIE), experiencing an equal level of difficulty spinning.

ANGIE

It's me... Angie. God, I haven't seen you since high school! How have you been?

Sam squints, as she tries to recall her former acquaintance.

INT. BEAN THERE COFFEE SHOP

We find Sam back in front of a Grande Mocha, Angie seated across from her, and between them a couple of oversized muffins caked in icing -- putting back all the calories burned and then some.

ANGIE

Yeah, it's been over a year since I had my third child, but I still can't seem to lose the extra baby weight.

She takes a bite of the muffin.

ANGIE

But enough about me, look at you.
God, you look great. Were you at
the ten-year reunion?

SAM

Missed it.

ANGIE

Everyone looked the same for the
most part -- only wider. Like I
was seeing our former classmates
through a wide-angle lens. Does
that sound weird?

(beat, cheery as ever)

Oh, and Mr. Kowalki passed away
last week.

SAM

The Chemistry teacher?

ANGIE

Yeah. He died of formaldehyde
poisoning. How ironic is that?

SAM

That's... terrible.

ANGIE

Tell me about it. It happened the
same day as my oldest's birthday,
and he lived just right down the
block. Wanna see some pictures?

She gets out her purse and produces a stack of photos,
handing them to Sam.

ANGIE

You know, when they're not driving
me out of my mind, I can't believe
how much I love my family.

Sam nods absently as she thumbs through the pictures.

ANGIE

No matter what problems I've had,
or how lousy my day might've been.

ANGIE (cont'd)
It's nice to know they'll be at
home waiting for me.

Looking down at the photos, Sam can't help but sigh.

INT. SAM'S HATCHBACK - EVENING

She drives along, lost in thought.

SAM (V.O.)
It took a chance encounter with
an old acquaintance to help me
realize what I was missing.

She pulls the car into the entrance of a shopping mall.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - EVENING

Rhonda watches TV, snacking on chips, as the door opens
and Sam pokes her head in.

SAM
Mom? I have a surprise.

Her head darts out and then she enters holding a PUPPY.

Rhonda's eyes widen as Sam brings the pup over to say
hello. And at the sight of his wolfish grin and wagging
tale, she can't help but melt.

SAM (V.O.)
When life gives you nothing but
rejection, what you need most is
a little unconditional love.

Close on the two playing with the puppy, as it frolics
about its new home.

END WEBISODE 3

WEBISODE 4: "JUST SAY NO"

FADE IN:

INT. BIG BOX BOOKSTORE - DAY

Sam peruses the Self-help section.

SAM (V.O.)

I thought a trip to the bookstore
might help me find some answers to
relating with my mom, and the mid-
life crisis she seemed to be in.

She grabs a book off the shelf, peruses it.

EXT. BIG BOX BOOKSTORE - DAY

Sam exits, bag in hand. She proceeds down the sidewalk
and glances across the street, and does a double-take.

SAM

Mom?

Across the street, we see Rhonda along with two other
middle-aged women hanging out on the corner smoking in
front of a nail salon.

Rhonda and her friends scramble to hide the cigarettes
as Sam marches towards them.

SAM

What are you doing?

RHONDA

What're you doing?

SAM

I was just at the bookstore.

RHONDA

Well, I'm just hanging out with my
friends.

SAM
What's that behind your back?

RHONDA
What? Nothing.

SAM
Really.

She tries to look, but Rhonda blocks her view. Sam tries the other side, but again is denied.

Sam pretends to give up, and with Rhonda's guard down, grabs her and forcibly attempts to see what she's been hiding. The two struggle for a moment, and then...

SLOW MOTION: a lit CIGARETTE drops to the pavement.

SAM
You're smoking??

The ruse up, the rest of the group pulls out their cigarettes and resumes puffing away.

SAM
I can't believe you!

Rhonda shrugs, lights up another.

RHONDA
I figured you'd find out sooner or later.
(to her friends)
Told you she'd freak.

SAM
You said you were taking Lester out for a walk!

RHONDA
I was.

SAM
Well, where is he??

RHONDA
Over there.

She points across the way to the pup tied to a nearby parking meter, staring forlornly back at them.

SAM

You can't just leave him like that!

RHONDA

Would you rather have him breathe in second hand smoke?

Shaking her head, Sam goes over and collects Lester, carries him back.

SAM

Those things will kill you.

RHONDA

I've got one foot in the grave already.

SAM

You're the one who told me not to smoke!

RHONDA

That was back when you were in high school. I thought it was the responsible thing to do.

SAM

Well what about now?

RHONDA

You're all grown up; it doesn't matter anymore. I said a lot of things I didn't mean.

SAM

Mom, I can't even tell you how disappointed I am.

One of Rhonda's friends (DARLENE) interjects.

DARLENE

Leave her alone, it's no big deal.

Her other friend (LINDA) chimes in as well.

LINDA
Yeah, take a chill pill.

SAM
(squinting)
Excuse me?

LINDA
You're not the boss of her.

DARLENE
Would you please leave already,
you're bothering us.

They turn their backs to Sam.

DARLENE
Hey, I scored some bud from that
kid at the ice cream shop.

RHONDA
Awesome.

DARLENE
Yeah, but it wasn't the good stuff.
She's still holding out on us.

LINDA
We can blaze it at my place.

SAM
Mom, we will discuss this later.

RHONDA
Whatever.

Rhonda dismisses her with a wave, and they stare at Sam, waiting for her to leave.

SAM (V.O.)
And then it all made sense. The
smoking, the late night ice cream
binges, her new friends, oh god...
Harv.

CLOSE IN on Sam's sudden awareness.

SAM (V.O.)

My mother wasn't having a mid-life crises -- she was a pothead.

And as Sam walks away with Lester in tow, one of them mutters "Narc" under her breath.

INT. ICE CREAM SHOPPE

A slow day. Sam and Debbie wait at the counter staring into space.

SAM

Anything new?

DEBBIE

Nope.

Debbie smacks her gum, while drawing on her palm.

SAM

So everything's okay?

DEBBIE

Yeah, it's all good.

SAM

And nothing you want to discuss?

DEBBIE

Nah. Talking's overrated.

A pause, Sam taps her fingernails, and then.

SAM

Why are you selling drugs to my mom and her friends?!?

DEBBIE

(taken aback)

Okay, first of all, I don't "sell drugs" -- I "share" stuff with my friends. Second, I will deny any rumors you might have heard.

SAM

Could you please not supply my
mother with pot??

DEBBIE

Can't make any promises, dude. But
I can score you some top quality
reefer if you're interested.

Sam frowns.

DEBBIE

Dude, relax. Everyone does it.

SAM

Not everyone.

DEBBIE

Really? When's the last time you
got high?

Sam ponders the question.

DEBBIE

If you have to think about it,
it's been way too long.

SAM

There's nothing wrong with not
wanting to get high.

DEBBIE

If you say so.

She returns to doodling on her hand.

SAM

So you think I'm a "square" now?

DEBBIE

You look pretty angular to me.

SAM

You know, I don't have to defend
myself.

DEBBIE
Whatever, dude.

SAM
(beat)
I smoked marijuana a few times in
college.

Debbie gives her a less-than-impressed look.

SAM
And I might have tried a little E.

DEBBIE
Wow. You are a druggie. I should
report you.

SAM
I may have also danced topless on
a table once.

Now this gets her attention.

SAM
It was at a party, and I got a
little drunk...
(beat)
I don't even remember it, but my
friends swear it happened.

DEBBIE
Dude...

SAM
(a look of satisfaction)
Still think I'm a square?

DEBBIE
And you're getting on your mom for
smoking weed?

Sam, unable to rebut, turns and stares straight ahead,
tight-lipped.

Debbie goes back to drawing on her hand.

DEBBIE
(between smacks of gum)
So after work you wanna go out and
get high?

Sam puts a hand to her face.

END WEBISODE 4

WEBISODE 5: "GIRL'S NIGHT OUT"

FADE IN:

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam sits on the edge of the couch, waiting.

The DOORBELL rings.

She leaps up from her seat.

SAM

Got it!

She races to the door, opens it.

Standing outside are Rhonda's friends Darlene and Linda.

DARLENE

Oh, it's you.

She gets only a sullen look from Linda.

SAM

Hello, ladies. Nice to see you again.

DARLENE

Yeah. Where's Rhonda?

SAM

Please, come in. Have a seat.

Rhonda comes down the stairs.

RHONDA

You didn't have to get that; I was all ready.

SAM

It's my pleasure. Let's sit down and get to know each other. I want to meet your friends.

RHONDA
(suspicious)
Um, okay. I guess we can spare a minute.

They take their seats around the coffee table, which is complete with a serving carafe and a set of cups.

SAM
I took the liberty of brewing us some coffee.
(looking to Darlene)
Darlene, right? Cream and sugar?

The trio stare at Sam.

SAM
It's a gourmet blend. Linda?

LINDA
Black.

SAM
Just the way I like it.
(beat)
So... where are we off to tonight?
What's on the agenda? Are we gonna paint the town red? Mom?

RHONDA
Uh, yeah, we might go do a little dancing.

SAM
Really? Where?

They glance at one other not sure if they should divulge the information. Finally.

DARLENE
Coco's.

SAM
You girls been going there often, or is that a new place? Should I recommend it?

Rhonda, now definitely weirded out by Sam's change in attitude, gets up.

RHONDA

You know, we should probably get going. Don't wanna be late to the party.

SAM

Okay, you do that. Go out and have fun, ladies.

They quickly make their exit, with Sam following them to the door.

SAM

Bye now. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

A final wave, she closes the door, then gets out her phone, speed dials.

SAM

Debbie?

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S HATCHBACK - NIGHT

Parked in front of a club, neon signs blinking. Sam turns to her passenger.

SAM

Thanks for coming with me.

DEBBIE

Hey, you're paying for cover and drinks.

SAM

You sure you can get in?

DEBBIE

Dude, relax.

INT. COCO'S NIGHTCLUB

They make their way inside.

SAM

I can't believe that worked.

DEBBIE

Told ya. Just got it yesterday.

Sam looks around at the clientele.

SAM

Why are all these people so...

DEBBIE

Old? That's what this place is.
It's a swinger's club. Only people
like over fifty come here. It even
has that old-people smell.

SAM

Oh god.

DEBBIE

Let's go get a drink.

They sidle up to the bar. Debbie plays the drums on
the counter to get the BARTENDER'S attention.

DEBBIE

Yeah, I'll have a double vodka
tonic. She's paying.

BARTENDER

I don't think so.

DEBBIE

What, you think I'm underage? How
did I get in here?

BARTENDER

Fake ID. How 'bout I get you a
virgin Daquiri?

DEBBIE

How 'bout I stick you with my
tazer?

SAM

She's joking. She doesn't have a
tazer. She's just kidding around.
(to Debbie, clenched teeth)
Aren't you.

Debbie's only response is a wide, innocent smile.

SAM

We'll just have a couple of Cokes.

LATER. They walk away from the counter, sodas in hand.

SAM

Are you *trying* to get us kicked
out?

Debbie pulls out a flask from her jacket and unscrews
the top, pours some into her drink.

SAM

What? What is that?

DEBBIE

Vodka.

SAM

If you already had it, then why
did you get into it with the
bartender back there?

DEBBIE

You were buying.

SAM

Ugh. Let's just find a table.

LATER. Seated at a dimly lit corner table, they scan
the club, while trying to maintain a low profile.

SAM

See 'em?

DEBBIE
(nods in a direction)
They're over there.

SAM
What're they doing?

DEBBIE
Beats me, but that ain't dancing.

They watch as the trio gyrate about the dance floor.

SAM
Oh god, this is like a bad episode
of Golden Girls.

DEBBIE
Who?

SAM
Nevermind.

DEBBIE
They saw us. She's comin' over.

SAM
Quick. Hide.

RHONDA (O.S.)
Sam?

Sam tries to cover her face.

RHONDA
I can see you.

She now stands over them.

RHONDA
You followed us here?!

SAM
The place sounded really cool, I
wanted to check it out.

RHONDA
And you brought her with you?

DEBBIE
(a small wave)

Hey.

Rhonda takes a seat at the table, grabs Debbie's drink and tastes it, frowns.

RHONDA
You know how old she is?? You're corrupting a minor!

SAM
I didn't buy her that. She had ID.
I just got her a Coke. She brought the booze in herself. Wait a sec, you're the one who buys drugs from her.

DEBBIE
Could you say that a little louder
I don't think everyone at the bar heard you.

They take it down to a fierce whisper.

RHONDA
I can't believe you, Sam.

SAM
Well, I can't believe you. I don't know anyone else that has to deal with a mother who smokes pot, and goes clubbing, and rides around on the back of a Harley.

RHONDA
Don't you lecture me, young lady!
I went to all your PTA meetings and bake sales and school recitals -- I did all that crap for you.
Well now it's my time to live. If you don't like it, you can go eff yourself!

And with that she gets up, leaving Sam and Debbie to stare at each other, speechless. Finally.

DEBBIE
Your mom is officially my hero.

A drunk SWINGER in his fifties approaches their table.

DRUNK SWINGER
(to Sam)
Hey baby, how 'bout we go back to
my place so I can make love to you
all ni-

He suddenly stiffens and collapses in a spasm.

Sam's look travels from the fallen swinger, convulsing on the floor, to Debbie who grins back at her.

She lifts up the tazer and sparks it for Sam.

DEBBIE
Told ya.

INT. SAM'S HATCHBACK - NIGHT

She cruises along lost in thought.

SAM (V.O.)
After dropping Debbie off, I found myself driving aimlessly, trying to make sense of it all. The direction things have taken seemed so surreal. Finally, I turned to the one person who I thought could help.

She pulls the car over, and gets out her phone. Dials.

SAM
Dad?

END WEBISODE 5

WEBISODE 6: "REFLECTIONS"

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Sam proceeds down a lakefront walkway, lost in thought.

SAM (V.O.)

I went to the park to think, but
couldn't find any answers. What I
needed was a second opinion.

A breeze kicks up, and she draws her sweater in closer
against the sudden chill.

She gets out her phone.

INT. BEAN THERE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

We find Sam seated inside along with her friend Angie.

SAM

And when I asked if there's any
way he could get back together
with mom, he said...

(imitating male voice)

Pumpkin, you know I love you, but
that's like asking an escaped
convict to go back to prison.

She throws up her hands.

SAM

What's that even mean? I thought
my parents were happy together. I
don't remember them fighting all
that much.

ANGIE

Not all couples argue. Sometimes
not fighting is worse than when
they fight. It means that one or
both just shut off and don't care
anymore.

ANGIE (cont'd)

You know how many married couples
sleep in separate rooms?

SAM

That's depressing.

ANGIE

(shrugs)

That's life.

SAM

You wanna hear what he said after
I told him about her dating Harv?

(imitating male voice)

Good. I hope he marries her, then
I won't have to pay alimony.

ANGIE

He has a point.

SAM

I didn't even bring up the Youtube
clip.

ANGIE

This I gotta hear.

SAM

There's a video of her doing a
striptease on the internet.

ANGIE

A Milf-tease?

SAM

She doesn't take it all off, and
it wouldn't even have gone viral
without the part where she trips
and falls over the couch at the
end.

ANGIE

Oh wait, I think I saw that!
That's your mom?? I think she's
had over a million hits.

SAM

I know. It's made her one of the most popular people on Facebook. I took a peek at her computer the other day and it just seems wrong that my mother is corresponding with thirteen-year-old boys that go by the handle FunkyMonkey69, and IPwnUrAzz.

ANGIE

Sounds like your mom's just making new friends.

SAM

I don't want my mom to make new friends. I want everything to stay the same. She should be at home knitting or playing Mah Jong like other women her age. I mean, what's wrong with a little Bingo?

We hear a familiar RUMBLE down the block.

SAM

Oh god.

Outside, the Harley cruises by, with Rhonda seated behind, her arms wrapped around Harv's mid-section.

Sam quickly gets up and gathers her things.

ANGIE

I haven't finished my muffin yet.

SAM

Grab your purse.

ANGIE

Where are we going?

EXT. TRENDY BISTRO - DAY

The pair peek inside the establishment, staying just beyond the window line, as Angie continues to nibble at her muffin, now wrapped in a napkin.

ANGIE
Are we spying?

SAM
No, we're just casually observing.

ANGIE
Like Cagney and Lacey.

Sam rolls her eyes, then quickly pulls back and hugs the wall to avoid being seen from inside.

ANGIE
They look like they're having fun on their date.

SAM
But he's so wrong for her.
(another quick glance)
I mean look at them...

They peek in the window once more to see Harv feeding Rhonda a morsel in a way that's almost sweet.

ANGIE
I don't know, doesn't seem so wrong to me.

Sam can only sigh.

EXT. LAKESIDE PARK - EVENING

Seated on a park bench, Sam watches the sunset.

SAM (V.O.)
I found myself right back where I started.

A stray dog walks by and sniffs Sam, who doesn't move, and continues on its way.

SAM (V.O.)
What sort of bizarro world had I returned home to? Had alien body-snatchers taken hold of my mother?

A gaggle of ducks gathers around Sam, expecting some handout that isn't forthcoming.

SAM (V.O.)

How could my world have suddenly turned so upside down? Could I have really been that blind to the problems in my family? Were my idyllic childhood memories a lie? What else did I need to reassess? Was the life I had in Chicago truly as perfect as I thought?

FLASHBACK:

SERIES OF SHOTS - SAM'S MEMORIES

INT. CHICAGO TRIBUNE OFFICE - CUBICLE FARM

Sam appears overwhelmed by the stack of paperwork on her desk, as she gets off the phone.

Her EDITOR walks by.

EDITOR

Sam, that Blagojovich story just broke, I'm gonna need you to work late.

SAM

But I have U2 tickets...

His shrug says, "not my problem."

Sam closes her eyes; her shoulders droop.

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam and her FIANCE exit her car. He's busy talking into his cell.

SAM'S FIANCE

Sammy, I'm on the phone, you mind grabbing the groceries?

She stares at the load of grocery bags sitting in the hatchback and sighs, then struggles to carry the two-person load up the stairs.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Her fiancé lounges on the couch in t-shirt and sweat pants, watching a college football game. He talks on the phone.

Sam approaches, holding something behind her back.

SAM
Guess what today is?

He doesn't even bother to look.

SAM'S FIANCÉ
President's day?

Deflated, she looks down at the Anniversary card in her hand.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. LAKESIDE PARK - DUSK

SAM (V.O.)
Maybe things seemed rosier than they were. I had a stressful job that gave me hardly any time off. And I was engaged to someone who didn't really love me. Guess it's easy to fool ourselves when we think we should be happy.

She gets up and leaves.

INT. HATCHBACK - NIGHT

Sam drives along aimlessly, still lost in thought.

SAM (V.O.)
And then I started thinking about my mom again. Did she seem happy?

FLASHBACK - RECENT MEMORIES

EXT. SALON- DAY

We return to the scene on the corner, right before being interrupted by Sam.

We zoom in to see the ladies laughing, enjoying their cigarettes.

INT. COCO'S NIGHTCLUB

We revisit the scene of them dancing, spontaneous, without a care in the world.

Sam watches the spectacle, dismayed, but not without some appreciation for their free-spirited abandon.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Sam and Angie scramble after, as Harv and Rhonda park the Harley and climb off in front of the bistro.

The two watch as Harv removes the helmet from Rhonda's head and gives her a kiss.

Then, like a gentleman, he holds the door for her as they enter the eatery.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. HATCHBACK - NIGHT

Sam sighs as she reassesses her prior impressions.

SAM (V.O.)

Maybe I had it wrong. Maybe we find happiness in different places. It might come from watching the sunset over the lake, or from a puppy's eager kisses, or in the form of a double mocha latte.

She pulls into a Safeway parking lot.

SAM (V.O.)

And who knows, others may find it
in the first cigarette of the day,
or from a bong hit, or on the back
seat of a Harley that wakes up
half the neighborhood during the
middle of the night.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Rhonda watches TV as Sam enters.

SAM (V.O.)

And for one person in particular,
I know it comes in a pint of Ben
& Jerry's chocolate chip cookie
dough ice cream which you probably
shouldn't eat right before going
to bed.

From a grocery bag, she removes the carton along with
a pair of plastic spoons.

She goes over and plops down next to her mom on the
couch. She opens the ice cream carton and together
they share a late night ice cream binge.

END WEBISODE 6